

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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THE RAID ON THE BRIDGE.

The Brooklyn trolley companies must not crowd foot passengers off the Bridge. The people have rights on that structure paramount to any conferred on the corporations. That is the fact, and no sort of legal humbug can begot it.

The explanations offered by the officials responsible for the sacrifice of the people's interests in the Bridge are startling revelations of the irresponsible recklessness with which important public trusts are thrown away. Mayor Strong, who is a member of the Bridge Trustees and the elected guardian of the interests of the whole people of New York, relieves himself of all responsibility by saying: "I don't know anything about it." He explains that he has left all the Bridge plans to the judgment of the President of the Board of Trustees, and adds reassuringly: "If anybody is killed the trolley companies will have to pay for it, and I think they will look out that no one is hurt. They are the ones most concerned."

Of course, it would be comforting to anybody ground under the wheels of a trolley car to reflect that the company would pay for him, but the idea that this expense would deter the corporations from killing people is hardly borne out by their record in Brooklyn, where they have about two hundred homicides to their credit. Mayor Wurster, of Brooklyn, and Comptroller Fitch, both Bridge Trustees, think the grade crossing scheme a serious danger, but neither has paid any attention to it hitherto. Trustee Page was not at the meeting at which permission to make the loop was made, but while he "feared for the outcome" at first, he has been in a measure reconciled by the argument that the people need not walk on the Bridge—they can ride across in the cars. President Berri, of the Bridge Trustees, enthusiastically adopts the same theory. He says that "there will be no danger in crossing the trolley tracks, because everybody will get on the cars and ride free." Chief Engineer Martin thinks there will be no danger in crossing the tracks, but if there is, the trouble can be obviated by the simple expedient of abandoning the surface approach to the promenade and turning the space over to the trolley cars.

It is not the officials of the corporations who say these things, but of the public-men elected or appointed for the sole purpose of guarding the people's interests—and representatives, it may be added, of reform administrations on both sides of the river. Is it strange that there is popular discontent with the management of public affairs?

It seems evident that there is a concerted attempt, connived at by the authorities, to force the people to patronize the Brooklyn trolley cars regardless of their wishes. The theory that the cars will carry passengers free has found a surprisingly facile entrance into the artless minds of our Bridge Trustees. It is a charming theory, and may preserve its attractions until somebody tests it by trying to ride across the Bridge without paying fare. Then the experimenter will discover that "free rides" mean merely that a passenger who pays to be taken to some part of Brooklyn will not be charged extra for the time he is crossing the Bridge.

There are scores of thousands of people who do not want to pay even a single fare, but who are able and willing to walk the entire distance to their homes. The Bridge was built largely for the convenience of such people. They have a right under the law to a safe and unobstructed passage-way from one side of the river to the other, and the Journal proposes to the best of its ability to see that they get it.

The fact that something is liable to abuse or excess is not a reason for prohibiting it by law. This is as true of playing football as of selling liquor.

Because boys get hurt and occasionally killed in the violent scrimmages into which football sometimes degenerates is a reason for reforming the game, and the college athletes of the country owe it to themselves to put it under reasonable regulations which shall make it a sport and not a dangerous battle of brawn and bad temper.

Outside of colleges and schools football is not dangerous, and if college authorities will insist upon its being subject to proper rules there will be no occasion to appeal to State Legislatures. It should be reformed or stopped, but not by statute.

The half dozen or more members-elect of the Assembly who will hold the balance of power at Albany during the coming session are still discussing the course to be pursued by them as independents. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that pretty much everybody else is discussing their probable action.

Two or three of these men were elected in this city as absolutely independent Citizens' Union candidates, and several others here and in Brooklyn owe their election to known opposition to the Platt machine and the offensive legislation for which it is responsible. There are several Assemblymen-elect in other parts of the State who are believed to be in sympathy with them.

Most of these men have Republican antecedents and presumably Republican sympathies in matters of national politics, but defeat Platt's bossism and appreciate the blunders which have brought disaster upon their party in this State. Will they have courage enough to resist the caucus decrees and the pressure which the boss will undoubtedly bring to bear upon their political hopes and fears?

This little band cannot expect to organize and control the Assembly themselves, or bring the main body of either party to the support of a programme of their own. To stand out for that will bring mere confusion and obstruction. To yield to the Republican machine and give it control on any terms whatever will be to surrender everything which led to the election of these men in preference to regular machine candidates.

If they will join with the Democrats to organize the Assembly and direct its action during the session, no doubt every reasonable consideration will be given to their views. In most matters affecting legislative policy, and particularly in what concerns the interests of the cities which they represent, they must be in accord with the Democrats of the State, and it is for that reason that they obtained the support which elected them.

A complete union of the anti-Platt forces in the

Legislature might accomplish much good at Albany this coming Winter, and if it should be effected in the Assembly it would not be without effect upon the Senate, which would take it as a result of an unmistakable demonstration of public opinion at the late election. These men who hold the balance of power have a great opportunity and a corresponding responsibility. Will they have the courage to meet it in a manner that will redound to the benefit of the people of the State and to lasting honor to themselves?

A DEFECT IN THE JURY SYSTEM.

The sickness of a single juror makes the Thorne trial, so far as it has gone, a complete failure. Everything will have to be done over, and it will be more difficult to get a new jury on account of what has already happened in court. The result would have been the same under our law if the trial had been finished with the exception of rendering a verdict and one juror had become incapacitated.

This reveals, by no means for the first time, a serious defect in our jury system. If less than unanimity were required for a verdict, say the vote of nine or ten members of the jury, the trial could proceed to a conclusion, and a verdict could be brought in, if agreed to by the requisite number. The chief objection to this in capital cases could be obviated by giving the jury power to fix an alternative penalty of imprisonment for life.

Or our law might specifically provide that if one member of a jury died or became incapacitated for further service during a trial, it should proceed to a conclusion and a verdict be rendered by the remaining jurors. No possible harm could come from a provision of this kind, and in a case like that of Thorne the trial could proceed without serious interruption and without loss of what had been done.

There is still another remedy for this particular defect in our jury system which has been adopted with entirely satisfactory results in California. An extra juror-man is qualified and sworn in and sits with the regular panel and hears the evidence. If the jury remains intact to the end he has no part in the verdict, but if one member drops out he takes the vacant place as a legally qualified substitute.

The conservatism which is maintained in dealing with trial by jury is quite unreasonable, for the system as it still exists here had its origin in very different conditions ages ago. There are serious defects in its working now which we ought to be progressive enough to correct.

THE ABSENT WHALERS.

As a result of several Cabinet consultations on the subject, the President has decided to send immediate relief to the eight whaling ships reported to have been caught in the ice east of Point Barrow with food insufficient for a Winter's sojourn. It was, of course, unwise for the masters of these vessels to jeopardize their ships in the ice when so illly prepared, and it is very well to send them succor. But it is extremely doubtful if either the steam whaler Thrasher or the revenue cutter Bear will be able to reach the beleaguered crews in time to afford them the desired aid. The shipwrecked mariners will be more apt to find relief in the house on Point Barrow, used by Captain Rae, United States Army, in 1881-82 as a meteorological observatory, and continued by the United States Government as a relief station for just such emergencies. Captain Devall, of the steam whaler Orcha, just returned from a cruise in that part of the Arctic, says that among other provisions there are about 400 barrels of flour at this station, and nearly as much more at Herschel Island, opposite the mouth of the Mackenzie River. True, the unfortunate crews will have to make a disagreeable and perilous journey over the ice before reaching land, but heretofore similar journeys have been accomplished without disaster. There is not now on record the loss of a single life in such retreats.

THE CROWN OF MURRAY HILL.

The adoption of plans for the new public library building is the harbinger of a time when Murray Hill will be fittingly crowned with a structure worthy of a location unexcelled for the display of architectural beauty.

The grim old reservoir is picturesque, but it is dreadfully out of place on the chief central thoroughfare of the city. The new building will occupy much less space and will stand back from the avenue and the flanking streets, and make of Bryant Park a much finer ornament for the city than it can be while enclosed between the reservoir and the elevated road.

The park will have a front, and though that front will be occupied by a building it will not be so filled by the structure as to lose all park effect. The landscape and the architecture should be so treated together as to make one grand embellishment for the site which the city gives for its great public library.

MR. PLATT'S PERSONAL DANGER.

It is probable that the Louisville reporter who recently prevailed upon Admiral James E. Jouett to speak upon the danger in which New York stands from an enemy's battle ships in the unhappy case of war, misunderstood him in one respect.

The Admiral is quoted in part in these words: "You can only see a ship eight miles out at sea, and therefore a man-of-war twelve miles away from the harbor and beyond the vision of the gunners in the forts could leisurely throw its shot and shell into New York and be perfectly safe itself. Give a half dozen good vessels with their high-power guns accurate charts and they can so place their shells that New York would be reduced in a surprisingly short time."

Now no one in the service is more accurately informed concerning all points touching his noble profession than Admiral Jouett, and it is upon that well-known fact that we base our assumption that the reporter failed to give some relevant and important clause with which the statement, as quoted, was originally modified.

The Admiral may have said that an outlying portion of (Greater) New York would be reduced by a fleet itself at a safe distance from the guns of our forts at Sandy Hook and Norton's Point. The lower end of Manhattan Island would be from twenty-five to thirty miles distant from a ship which remained out of range of the guns of Sandy Hook, and of course far beyond the reach of the longest range guns mounted by any vessel of war. Yet he condition is not without danger, although not quite as bad as stated by the Louisville alarmist.

It is not inconceivable that a hostile battle ship, her marksmen equipped with accurate charts of our outlying dependencies, could, say once out of three

trials, score a palpable hit on the mansion of Thomas L. Johnson, overlooking the Narrows on the Shore road in New Utrecht. But even if one permits the imagination to accept the possibility of even the most hostile of gunners playing such a scurvy trick on Mr. Johnson, there is consolation in the thought that Mr. Johnson could build another mansion, and doubtless would do so—on Manhattan Island, which would welcome the distinguished Ohioan.

As to Coney Island, the prospect, in view of Admiral Jouett's information, is not without dire possibilities. Thereon is situated, in the Manhattan Beach district, the Oriental Hotel, headquarters in the Summer months of Senator Platt and Lieutenant Quigg. That hotel would make a conspicuous target at any time, but with Mr. Platt and Mr. Quigg standing as a bull's-eye on the veranda it would be a poor marksman who could not fetch the hotel at any distance four times out of five. After all there is urgency in the Admiral's demand for a fleet of floating forts, and we call Senator Platt's attention to the condition which confronts us.

The grand jury at Hartford City, Ind., has returned indictments against some of the leading citizens who have been playing progressive euchre for prizes. It appears that lynching is about the only thing it is safe for Indiana's leading citizens to engage in.

The political engineers have not formally made their report, but it is generally believed that they have decided that the track slipped out from under the Tracy train and precipitated it into the river of defeat.

Mr. Hanna will employ Pinkerton detectives to watch the members of the Ohio Legislature who are suspected of being unfriendly to him. Mr. Hanna treats the Ohio Senatorial fight as if it were a strike of his coal miners.

There is an epidemic of sandbagging at Washington, but it is not having the effect of keeping away those who are striving to hold up the Administration for the offices.

Mr. Foraker continues to assert that he is merely an innocent bystander in the Ohio Senatorial fight. Innocent bystanders are frequently the sufferers in such affairs.

Boss Filley, of Missouri, declares that the time has arrived to depose Boss Hanna, of Ohio. A disagreement of bosses ought to give honest people their dues.

The inmates of the Illinois Insane Asylum are to publish a newspaper. Possibly it may come up to Governor Tanner's ideas of what is proper in journalism.

As young Mr. Logan succeeded in getting into a series of rows with the management of the affair, the Chicago Horse Show was not a complete failure.

There can be no doubt concerning the mental shortcomings of the last crank who visited the White House. He didn't demand an office.

That Boston parrot which was remembered to the extent of \$4,000 in a will can be depended upon to develop into a hot bird.

Colonel Henry Watterson is disposed to attach a '97 slaughter house to his open grave predictions.

The Princeton Inn is now dividing public attention with Princeton's distinguished "out."

ECHOES FROM THE JOURNAL.

New York Sets the Pace. New York beats all the other States in the magnitude of its Democratic victory. Why is this? Because the party was harmonious. And how, in view of the dissensions in the party a short year ago, was this harmony attained? By the leaders in the exercise of common sense, excluding firebrands and eliminating issues which had no relevancy to the campaign of the present year.—Syracuse Evening News.

Simply a Walkover. Tammany didn't do a thing! Oh, no! The World, the Advertiser, the Tribune and the Evening Post, with all their might couldn't propel Mr. Seth Low's boat to the shore. The Journal's craft, manned by the Tammany tigers, outstripped the Mugwumpian candidate and all other competitors so far that—well, it was simply a walk-over.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

The Only Democratic Paper. The New York Sun is now a full-fledged Republican party organ. The New York Journal is the only Shmopre Democratic newspaper in that city.—Brocton (Mass.) Times.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Not a Degenerate Scion. To the Editor of the Journal: I read with interest in to-day's Journal a cable story from Paris, in which it is told how "Sir Robert Peel, the degenerate grandson and heir of one who was probably the foremost statesman of the reign of Queen Victoria," has brought upon himself considerable ridicule and further disgrace by his recently showing the white feather, in a most abject manner, in connection with a challenge to fight a duel, which he received from a supposed Italian nobleman. From this it may be inferred that by his cowardice "the degenerate" Sir Robert has, in one more instance, proved his unworthiness to be called the grandson, heir and full name of the eminent English statesman referred to.

Under these circumstances, it may be interesting to your readers, and something new to a great many of them, to recall the fact that the great Sir Robert Peel, "who was probably the foremost statesman of the reign of Queen Victoria," when he was challenged to fight a duel by one who was a contemporary great statesman, the then Irish leader, Daniel O'Connell, played the part of a Bob Acres to an extent which placed the said great Sir Robert Peel in as ridiculous a position, and which was calculated to prove him as lacking in courage as his "degenerate grandson" has now placed and proved himself.

It is not a case of history repeating itself to a degree which shows that, so far as a lack of courage is concerned, there is really no difference between the "great" Sir Robert and his "degenerate" grandson." T. A. MACAULAY, West Hoboken, N. J.

A Victim's Complaint.

Editor New York Journal: Regarding the terrible slaughter on the New York Central Railroad at Garrison's. I do hope that you will keep an eye on the Railroad Commissioners. It is their business to thoroughly investigate this matter, and at once; if they are hand and glove with the railroad people, as I believe they are, it will be another case of whitewash, as usual.

It is the custom of the New York Central to make a flying switch on their passenger trains, when entering the Grand Central yard. The engine is disconnected from the train while in motion, and usually at high speed, so that the cars will have enough momentum to carry them about one-third of a mile down to the depot.

If there is one place on earth where such a practice is dangerous, it is in the Grand Central Yard, in and over the complicated network of tracks and switches, where trains are going in and out some 350 a day, and most of these during the few rush hours morning and night. I was a passenger on a train which, through their complicated system of signals and switches, was switched on to a track on which a train was coming out. I was one of about a dozen who were hurt in that smash. I made a full written complaint to the Board of Railroad Commissioners. Some time later I received a few lines in reply saying they had dismissed my complaint, as they were satisfied that from what the railroad company said the trains were as much under control without locomotives as with them. They did not even favor me with a copy of the New York Central's reply to my complaint.

I feel sure that had a locomotive been at the head of the train that day when going through the yard, the engineer would have had the train under control, and the mere pulling of a lever would have set every brake on the train, stopping it instantly. Many States forbid running switches by law. A direct connection of the New York Central, the Delaware & Hudson, has a rule which can be seen to-day in many of its stations, saying any engineer of freight making a flying or running switch on any pretext will be dismissed. That means that the Delaware & Hudson does not agree with the honorable commissioners, as they will not allow on their extensive system a running switch to be made even with a carload of logs.

Now one of these days there will be a bad smash due to this wild cat railroading, and I hope to see some champion who will under take to pass a bill stopping this criminally dangerous practice, the Railroad Commissioners to the contrary notwithstanding.

COMMERCIAL.

Home Coming of a Countess.

FRIENDS of the Countess Rodolph Festetics de Tolma, and there are many of them in New York, will be pleased to know that that young lady will leave San Francisco next Tuesday for the Fifth Avenue home of her mother, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin.

The Countess is still very youthful, not more than one or two and twenty, although



The Countess Festetics.

It is a good five years since she was married.

Her grandfather, James B. Haggin, who left New York not longer ago than October 23, will reach San Francisco to-day from the Anaconda mines, where he made a flying visit with his niece, Miss Pearl Voorhes, and her mother, Mrs. Amador. It is his purpose to return East with the Countess, who is now the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, her great uncle and aunt.

Since their marriage the Count and Countess Festetics have developed into confirmed globe trotters, whose adventures aboard their yacht in strange waters have been the subject of many weird newspaper stories.

I believe that the Count is even now in Yokohama, or some other city of Japan, and that the Countess will rejoin him in the kingdom of flowers when her visit to her parents shall have ended.

During her stay in New York many entertainments will doubtless be arranged for the Countess. She was a great favorite with the friends of her girlhood, and her mother is popular, although the latter's health has not permitted her to take a very active part in social affairs.

Mrs. Haggin has long been a sufferer from nervous headaches to such an extent that it has come to be a necessity with her to accept invitations only conditionally. Her affliction continues, but not in a greater degree than heretofore.

The picture of the Countess Festetics



Tuxedo and Literature.

which is reproduced in this column was taken in San Francisco only a few days ago.

Charlie Delmonico is the most remarkable man in the hotel business. The ordinary boniface loves his advertisement as a toper loves his tupples. He likes to see his name in print with huge cuts of his establishment, diagrams of all the floors, menu cards reproduced in detail

A WINTER NIGHT.

Pile on the logs! the bright flames start And up the roaring chimney race; How grateful should we be, sweetheart, For just this little fireplace!

I said to-day that I was poor, And poor in some things I may be, But there's a shelter—and who needs more!— And your bright eyes to shine for me!

Draw near, and sum our blessings, sweet: While we are housed and clothed and fed The bleak winds hound from street to street Souls that share not life's daily bread.

While we, safe harbored from the storm, Have all our happy hearts desire, There's many a weak and wounded form Bends o'er a hearth without a fire.

Thank God for home! and if a knock Sound at the door this icy night, Oh, let us hasten to unlock And bring a brother to the light!

It was for this God's gifts were lent— To light the way for those that roam; It was for this that Christ was sent— To shelter those that had no home!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES.

The wind is fate, The leaves are men— They are blown along for a little space, And then

A few emerge and tumble ahead, Over and over and over again, In a maddening race, And here and there One lodges and clings in a lone place.

Uplift, at last, but a single leaf! Whirls onward into the far somewhere, And the many leafmen that are left behind Gather in clusters here and there, And are whirled about by the wild wind, And, at last, when the great white quilt is spread,

And all is over and done, They silently lie and slowly rot, Each on the barren little spot Where his troubles were begun.

—Cleveland Leader.

Football Item.

[Attention Globe.] Any girl who raves over a football player will prove to be fond of gritty gooseberry pie.

Her Husband

Was Too Smart.

"O H. LUCILLE, I am so glad Pye met you!" cried the young woman in green. "Can you lend me five cents?" "Why, yes, of course I can," said the young woman in gray, "but what on earth has brought you to such a pass that a simple nickel will suffice you?"

"I want it to get home with, my dear. And once there, I mean to remain for some time. You see, I came down town to meet my husband and select Eunice's wedding present and—"

"Dear, dear, it does seem like highway robbery to be married in such hard times as these," sighed the young woman in gray. "Of course you spent all your money for the present and—"

"Oh, no! My husband paid for that. That was the reason I asked him to help select it—though I believe I did not mention that fact to him."

"Of course you didn't. Well, then, what?" "Why, you see, it was this way: I reached the store first, and after waiting fifteen minutes I got tired."

"Of course you did. Now, men are so used to waiting that it"— "Doesn't hurt them. Very true. I thought I'd better go over to his office for him, so I"—

"Well—and found that he had forgotten all about the appointment with you? I know just how it is. Really, all men are so much alike that it doesn't seem as if it ought to make much difference which one we marry!"

"Well, he hadn't forgotten. I met him at the corner, just as I had grasped my lovely new skirt in both hands to cross the street—really, it does seem sometimes as if the street-cleaning people are in league with the dry goods shops!"

"Doesn't it? I suppose your husband made business the excuse for being late?" "He said he was just on time. When I showed him my watch, which pointed to a quarter past 3, he simply remembered that it had stopped again!"

"Why, then, it was even later than"— "Well—er—no, I think I must have forgotten to wind it last night. Of course that proved nothing, though—it stands to reason that I wasn't early. Just as we turned to go back he gave an exclamation and, stopping, picked up something which was lying right at my feet. He said it was a woman's pocketbook and slipped it into his pocket."

"Without looking inside?" "M'm, I wanted to, but he said it was only my curiosity, and he'd take it to the police station and let them find the owner, not that she deserved it when she had been so careless!"

"What was your reply to that?" "I said she must be a woman more familiar with money than I, to be careless of it! Well, he took the pocketbook around to the police station, while I went back to the jeweller's. I selected the present while I was waiting to save time."

"But I thought you meant"— "To ask his advice? I did. You don't suppose I told him that I had selected it, do you? Oh, no; I just showed him the pin I had set my heart on and asked the jeweller to show us something more expensive. But before he could do it my husband remembered an important appointment, said the pin was just the thing, paid for it and rushed off, leaving me to follow with the purchase."

"But you hadn't wanted him to help select anything else, had you?" "No; but you must never breathe this—when I got on the car I found that I hadn't a cent to pay my fare with. My pocketbook was gone and I couldn't remember when I had it last!"

"Why, goodness! Could it have been"— "My pocketbook that my husband picked up? That was exactly what it was! It had \$7.52 in it, too, not counting the smooth dime I was keeping to pass off on the conductor who gave it to me in change. Oh, dear, I shall miss that money to my dying day!"

"Oh, never mind, you can just send your husband around to the police station; he can describe the contents and get it back again."

"H'm, well, no, dear; I can't very well do that. Besides the money, it contains the full report of the paper I read before the National Husband-Study Congress—and I'd just as lief he didn't see that!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

After the Englishman with a title had been requested to take a seat he opened the proceedings as follows: "I—aw—thought I'd just drop in, y' know, and speak to you about—aw—your daughter."

"What about her?" demanded the old man. "I—aw—thought I'd like to marry her, y' know, if the—aw—lawry's all right."

"What would you like to do doesn't cut any figure," returned the old man. "I'm not interested in that. But if she wants to marry you, that's a different matter, and we will get down to business. Does she?"

"Why—aw—yas—s," answered the astonished Englishman. "Then that settles it," said the old man, reaching for his check book. "I've never denied her anything she wanted yet. What's the lowest quotation you'll put on yourself in a spot cash transaction?"—Chicago Post.

That "Clamor."

[Washington Post.] The clamor for cheaper sleeping car rates, so the officials declare, comes mostly from people who never patronize them. There is nothing strange in that. They are doubtless striving to get the rates in reach so that they may patronize them.

Hanna's Mistake.

[Detroit News.] On reflection, it seems surprising that Mr. Hanna didn't go to the courts instead of the people in the first place.

Theatrical Item.

[Attention Globe.] Abe Lincoln's picture is now used in connection with "Uncle Tom" advertising almost as prominently as the picture of the manager.

Same Here. [Detroit Tribune.] From the shrieks of anguish that come from the City Hall, one might suspect that the separation of a Republican office-holder from his job is a revival of the Inquisition.



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